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Authors at Home. XXIV.*

MRS. HOWE AT OAK GLEN, NEWPORT.

TO THOSE persons who have only visited the town of Newport, taken its ocean drive, lunched at its Casino, strolled on its beach, and stared at its fine carriages and the fine people in them, that fill Bellevue Avenue of an afternoon, the idea of choosing Newport as a place to rest in must seem a very singular one. If their visit be a brief one, they may easily fail to discover that after leaving the limits of the gay summer city, with its brilliant social life, its polo matches, its races, balls, dinners, and fêtes, there still remains a district, some twelve miles in length, of the most rural character. The land here is principally owned by small farmers, who raise, and sell at exorbitant and unrural prices, the fruit, vegetables, eggs, milk, butter and cream which the Newport market men, adding a liberal percentage, sell again to their summer customers. The interior of the island is in many respects the most agreeable part of it; the climate is better, being much freer from heavy fogs and sea mists, and the thermometer neither rises so high nor falls as low as in the town. The neighborhood of Lawton's Valley is one of the most charming and healthy parts; and it is in this spot that Mrs. Howe has, for many years, made her summer home. The house stands a little removed from the cross-road which connects the East and West Roads, the two thoroughfares that traverse the island from Newport to Bristol Ferry. Behind the house, there is a grove of trees—oaks, willows, maples and pines—which is the haunt of many singing birds. The quiet house seems to be the centre of a circle of song, and the earliest hint of day is announced by their morning chorus. In this glen 'The Mistress of the Valley,' as Mrs. Howe has styled herself, in one of her poems, spends many of her leisure hours, during the six months which she usually passes at her summer home. Here she sits with her books and needle-work, and of an afternoon there is reading aloud, and much pleasant talk under the trees; sometimes a visitor comes from town, over the five long miles of country road; but this is not so common an occurrence as to take away from the excitement created by the ringing of the door-bell. There are lotus trees at Oak Glen, but its mistress cannot be said to eat thereof, for she is never idle, and what she calls rest would be thought by many people to be very hard work. She rests herself, after the work of the day, by reading her Greek books, which have given her the greatest intellectual enjoyment of the later years of her life. Last summer she studied Plato in the original, and this year she is reading the plays of Sophocles.

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The day's routine is something in this order: Breakfast, in the American fashion, at eight o'clock, and then a stroll about the place, after which the household duties are attended to; and then a long morning of work. Letter writing, which—with the family correspondence, business matters, the autograph fiends and the letter cranks—is a heavy burthen, is attended to first; and then whatever literary work there is on the anvil is labored at steadily and uninterruptedly until one o'clock, when the great event of the day occurs. This is the arrival of the mail, which is brought from town by Jackson Carter, a neighbor, who combines the functions of local mail-carrier, milkman, express man, vender of early vegetables, and purveyor of gossip generally; to which he adds the duty of touting for an African Methodist Church. Jackson is of the African race, and though he signs his name with a cross, he is a shrewd, intelligent fellow, and is quite a model of industry. After the newspapers and the letters have been digested, comes the early dinner, followed by coffee served in the green parlor, which is quite the most important apartment of the establishment. It is an open-air parlor, in the shape of a semi-circle, set about with a close tall green hedge, and shaded by the spreading boughs of an ancient mulberry tree. Its inmates are completely shielded from the sight of any chance passers-by; and in its quiet shade they often overhear the comments of the strangers on the road outside, to whom the house is pointed out. It was in this small paradise that 'Mr. Isaacs' was written, and read aloud to Mrs. Howe, chapter by chapter, as it was written by her nephew, Mr. Crawford. Sometimes there is reading aloud from the newspapers and reviews here, and then the busiest woman in all Newport goes back to her sanctum for two more working hours; after which she either drives or walks till sunset. If it is a drive, it will be, most likely, an expedition to the town, where some household necessity must be bought, or some visit is to be paid. If a stroll is the order of the day, it will be either across the fields to a hill-top near by, from which a wonderful view of the island and the bay is to be had, or along the country road, past the schoolhouse, and towards Mrs. Howe's old home, Lawton's Valley. In these sunset rambles, Mrs. Howe is very sure to be accompanied by one or more of her grandchildren, four of whom, with their mother, Mrs. Hall, pass the summers at Oak Glen. She finds the children excellent company, and they look forward to the romp which follows the twilight stroll as the greatest delight of the day. The romp takes place in the drawing-room, where the rugs are rolled up, and the furniture moved back against the wall, leaving the wooden floor bare, for the dancing and prancing of the little feet. Mrs. Howe takes her place at the piano, strikes the chords of an exhilarating Irish jig, and the little company, sometimes enlarged by a contingent of the Richards cousins from Maine, dance and jig about with all the grace and abandon of childhood. After supper, when the children are at last quiet and tucked up in their little beds, there is more music—either with the piano, in the drawing-room, or, if it is a warm night, on the piazza, with the guitar. As the evenings grow longer, in the late summer and autumn, there is much reading aloud, but only from novels of the most amusing, sensational or romantic description. None others are admitted; after the long day of work and study, relaxation and diversion are the two things needed. I have observed that with most hard literary workers and speculative thinkers, this class of novel is most in demand. The more intellectual romances are greedily devoured by people whose occupations lead them into the realm of actualities, and whose days are devoted to some practical business.

This summer Mrs. Howe has at heart the project of reviving the Town and Country Club, of which she is the originator and the president, which during the last season omitted its meetings. These meetings, which take place once in two weeks during the season, are held at the houses of different members, and are both social and in-

tellectual in character. The substantial part of the feast is served first, in the form of a lecture or paper from some distinguished person, after which there are refreshments, and talk of an informal character. Among others who in past seasons have read before the Club are Mr. Bret Harte, Prof. Agassiz, the Rev. Edward Everett Hale, the late Wm. B. Rogers, Mark Twain, Charles Godfrey Leland ('Hans Breitmann'), and the Rev. Drs. James Freeman Clarke, Frederic H. Hedge and George Ellis. Mrs. Howe's programme of work for this summer includes a paper on some subject connected with the Greek drama, to be read at the Concord School of Philosophy, and an essay for the Woman's Congress to be held in the early autumn. She is much interested in the arts and industries of women, and in connection with these maintains a wide correspondence. But it is not all work and no play, even at such a busy place as Oak Glen. There are whole days of delightful leisure. Sometimes these are spent on the water on board of some friend's yacht; or a less pretentious catboat is chartered, which conveys Mrs. Howe and her guests to Conanicut, or to Jamestown, where the day is spent beside the waves. Last summer a beautiful schooner yacht was lent to Mrs. Howe for ten days, and a glorious cruise was made, under the most smiling of summer skies. A day on the water is the thing that is most highly enjoyed by the denizens of Oak Glen; but there are other days hardly less delightful, spent in some out-of-the-way rural spot, where picnics are not forbidden, though these, alas! are becoming rare, since the churlish notice was posted up at Glen Anna, forbidding all trespassing on these grounds, which, time out of mind, have been free to all who loved them. There are still the Paradise Rocks, near the house of Mr. Edwin Booth, whither an expedition is planned in the near future.

Country life is not without its drawbacks, and troubles; but these are not so very heavy after all, compared with some of the tribulations of the city, or of those who place themselves at the mercy of summer hotel keepers, and boarding-house ladies. The old white pony, Mingo, will get into the vegetable garden occasionally, and eat off the heads of the asparagus, and trample down the young corn; the neighbor's pig sometimes gets through the weak place in the wall, with all her pinky progeny behind her, and takes possession of the very best flower-bed; the honeysuckle vine does need training; and the grapes will not ripen as well as they would have done, if the new trellis projected last summer had been set up. But after all, taking into consideration the fact that Io, the Jersey cow, is giving ten quarts of rich milk a day, and that the new cook has mastered the simplest and most delightful of dishes—Newport corn-meal flap-jacks,—Mrs. Howe's life at Oak Glen is as peaceful and happy an existence as one is apt to find in these nihilistic days of striking hotel waiters and crowded summer resorts.

Beautiful as Newport is in these soft days of early summer, it is even lovelier in the autumn, and every year it is harder to leave Oak Glen, to give up the wide arc of the heavens, and to look up into God's sky, between the two lines of brick houses of a city street. Each winter the place at Newport is kept open a little longer, and it is only the closing days of November that find Mrs. Howe established in her house in Boston. Beacon Street, with its smooth macadamised roadway, whereon there is much pleasure driving, and in the winter, a perfect sleighing carnival, is as pleasant a street as it is possible to live on, but a country road is always a better situation than a city street, and a forest path perhaps is best of all. When she is once settled in her Boston Home, the manifold interests of the complex city life claim every hour in the day. Her remarkable powers of endurance, her splendid enjoyment of life and health make her winters as full of pleasure as the more peaceful summer-tide. It is a very different life from that led at Oak Glen; it has an endless variety of interests, social, private, public, charitable, philanthropic, musical,

artistic and intellectual. A half-dozen clubs and associations of women in the city and its near vicinity, which owe their existence in large part to Mrs. Howe's efforts, claim her presence in their midst at least once in every year.

Among the public occasions which have held the greatest interest for Mrs. Howe during the past season, was the dedication of the new Kindergarten for the Blind in April, at which she read one of her happiest 'occasional poems.' The author's reading in aid of the Longfellow memorial fund, at the Boston Museum, where, before an audience the like of which had never before been seen in the theatre, she read a poem in memory of Longfellow, was an occasion which will not soon be forgotten by those who were present. Mrs. Howe was the only woman who took part in the proceedings, the other authors who read from their own works being, Dr. Holmes, Mr. Lowell, Mark Twain, Col. Higginson, Prof. Norton, Mr. E. E. Hale, Mr. Aldrich and Mr. Howells. Mrs. Howe has spoken several times at the Nineteenth Century Club, and she is always glad to revisit New York, for though she is often thought to be a Bostonian, Mrs. Howe never forgets that the first twenty years of her life were passed in New York, the city of her birth.

MAUD HOWE.

Reviews

A History of English Literature.*

WE had supposed the day was long since gone by when any man, however learned, would attempt a history of English literature even in twenty volumes. The danger-signal continually rings out from the specialists of Germany and the scientific school of literary history in England, of the risk attending so ambitious an enterprise. Failure must be the inevitable consequence of such an ambition, from the inadequacy of human knowledge, the impossibility of grasping firmly the outlines of so vast a subject, and the lack of special research to make one man's opinion authoritative all along so huge and sinuous a line. Unhappily Prof. Morley has not been deterred by considerations of this sort from attempting 'things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.' He published in 1864 a first volume of 'English Writers' (an octavo of 800 pages), which he afterwards divided into half volumes and followed, in 1867, by a third half volume. These three volumes reached only to the invention of printing. This book he allowed to pass out of print from the confessed inadequacy of the treatment and the hope that by waiting, by widening and mellowing his knowledge, by re-studying the labors of the Early English Text Society and of German scholars, he might produce a monumental work abreast of the times in all respects. This he has not done, and, from the nature of the case, could not do. The present volume is not much more than a repetition of the former work, and contains an Introduction, a chapter on Origins, one on Old Celtic Literature, and one on Beowulf, abounding in omissions no less than in commissions. The essay on Beowulf, extensive as it is, is a curious conglomeration of opinions thrown together apparently without consciousness of the value or worthlessness of the people who hold them. Greim and Haigh are gravely discussed side by side, as if Haigh's opinions on the Beowulfian Question were of value. The Beowulf bibliography, which might have been made nearly complete by a glance into Wülker, is absurdly inadequate, and passes over the invaluable dissertations that have been written, in Germany, Holland, Scandinavia and France, on the subject of the poem during the last decade. The chapter devoted to Celtic literature swarms with wild etymologies suggested by a man who has no knowledge of Celtic. In the long discussion devoted to Lyly and his 'Euphues,' we notice no allusion to a famous essay which lately revolutionized the traditional view of the origin and source of this peculiar style of literary composi-

* English Writers: An Attempt Towards a History of English Literature. By Henry Morley, Professor of English Literature at University College, London. Cassell & Co.

tion, and referred it distinctly to Spain. Bishop Ulfilas, the famous translator of the Bible into Mæso-Gothic, is repeatedly made to be (pp. 255-257) 169 years old, while the authorship of the Heliand is authoritatively settled upon a 'Saxon priest about the year 830' (p. 263). No mention is made in the chapter on Scandinavian literature of the great series of publications of the Clarendon Press under the editorship of Vigfússon and York Powell—the magnificent editions of the *Islendinga Saga* and the *Corpus Boreale Poeticum* containing the poetical Edda. The chapter on 'The Forming of the People' contains much that is questionable in philology, much that is old-fashioned and doubtful on questions of ethnology.

The real value of the book consists not in its plan, which can never be carried out by one hand—for how can a single charioteer control twenty horses? but in the pleasant introductory sketch in which the author defines the periods of English literature from Beowulf to Walter Scott, and lucidly marks out its four great divisions as the Formation of the Language; the Period of Italian Influence (Chaucer and the 'company of courtly makers' who preceded Elizabeth); the Period of French Influence (from Dryden to Defoe); and English Popular Influence (from Defoe to Scott, embracing also a slight admixture of German Influence). This sketch is graceful, full, and instructive: it requires only general knowledge, good critical taste, and a clear view of literary evolution. But so soon as this firm ground is abandoned, the lack of special training becomes painfully apparent: one keeps comparing what is here said of Early English literature with Ten Brink's masterly volume, and the result is unfavorable to Prof. Morley. The new History of English Literature just announced in England as preparing under the collaboration of such distinguished specialists as Stopford Brooke (for the early period), George Saintsbury (for the Elizabethan), and Edmund Gosse (for the later modern) shows what literary men now think of the practicability of one man accomplishing single-handed so gigantic a work.

Moss from a Rolling Stone.*

THE author of 'Altiora Peto,' 'Haifa' and 'Piccadilly' declares on the last page of his latest book, that the period of his life described in the foregoing pages (two hundred and forty-two of them) appears to him, as distinctly 'a most insane period.' He does not tell us whether the insanity hinted at was personal and concrete, or cosmic and universal in humanity. We judge, however, that it was extra-personal. 'I therefore decided,' he says, 'upon retiring from public life, and the confused turmoil of a mad world, into a seclusion where, under the most favorable conditions I could find, I could prosecute my researches into the more hidden laws which govern human action and control events. For more than twenty years I have devoted myself to this pursuit.' He believes that a new moral future is dawning upon the human race. He hopes the public 'of that day'—when he announces his discovery, and relates his inward life—will be more ready to appreciate his story, than those who now read his 'episodes.' Meanwhile, wishing the author all success in his researches, and trusting the mountain will not travail with a mouse, nor any 'Keeley motor' or 'Symme's hole' lurk in this portentous announcement, we content ourselves with penning our impression of the 'Episodes.' As Mr. Oliphant is always charming in style, and usually, at least, fairly accurate in his statements, we are not disappointed but pleased with our reading of this, his latest book. The old proverb concerning revolving specimens of geology and the cryptogamous plants that decline to attach themselves thereto, he declares to be 'neater as an epigram than as a truth.' In this we agree with him, even if by "moss" is signified hard cash. There are other kinds of filaments bearing spores, he intimates, which are useful. Indeed, he comes out flatly, and remarks that if the 'rolling-stone' keeps a

journal, and late in life publishes it, the chances are fair that gold and silver moss will gather in his pocket. Just here lurks, we suspect, the chief fault of the book. To make a salable book, the wanderer's travels have been dumped into a heap, without much arrangement, and with inaccuracies which long ago have been exposed, and ought not to reappear in print behind the name of an author of reputation. Furthermore, the lack of an index is exasperating. Having had our growl, we now express our delight at the fine literary flavor, the easy readableness, the winsomeness and the chastened glow that meet us on every page. 'The Overland Route Forty-six Years Ago,' 'Revolutionary Episodes in Italy in 1848,' 'Politics and Indian Affairs in Canada,' 'Crimean and Circassian Experiences,' 'Adventures in Central America,' 'An Episode with Garibaldi,' 'The Attack on the British Legation in Japan,' 'The War in Schleswig-Holstein,' suggest a few specimens of this cosmopolitan's experience. 'The Moral of it All' is interesting also, Mr. Oliphant considering that popular theology is a travesty of the principles taught and forces revealed by Christ. Though we have read before much of what Mr. Oliphant presents between the covers of this book, yet we have enjoyed the re-reading. We regret only that a little more labor of the pen has not been thought imperative. Even at fifty-eight, an author ought not to rest too fondly on the proverb *juniores ad labores*, but pity reader and—buyer.

"Life of Giordano Bruno."*

THE life of Bruno is naturally of interest in times like the present, when philosophy and the history of philosophy are so widely studied; and the book before us is therefore a welcome addition to the philosopher's library. The author and the reviser of the work are evidently in most respects well qualified for their task, giving evidence of a thorough study of Bruno's works as well as of the incidents of his life. The story is also in the main well told; though the account of Bruno's philosophy is mixed up rather too much with that of his life, and both would have been clearer if kept more distinct. We suspect, also, that the biographer has sometimes read his own views into Bruno's works—a too common fault with historians of philosophy. The life of Bruno was much fuller of incident than the lives of most philosophers are. Born in Nola, near Naples, in 1548, he early decided on an ecclesiastical career, and in his fifteenth year entered a monastery of the order of St. Dominic. Here he spent thirteen years, during which he became familiar with nearly all the learning of his age. He studied not only the scholastic philosophy and theology, but also the Greek and Arabic philosophies and the Hebrew Kabbalah, and took an especial interest in the astronomical discoveries of Copernicus. In the course of time, however, his studies in science and philosophy, together with his spirit of inquiry, led him to abandon many of the dogmas of the Catholic Church; and for this he was tried and condemned by his ecclesiastical superiors, deprived of his monkish habit, and at last excommunicated and compelled to flee from his native land. From this time forward he travelled in various countries, supporting himself by teaching, proof-reading and writing books. At Geneva he was opposed and condemned as a heretic; in France and England he fared little better; and when he went to Germany he was once more excommunicated by the Church of Helmstedt. At last, in response to an invitation from the Doge of Venice, he returned to his native land; but the Doge proved a false friend, and treacherously delivered him up to the Inquisition. By that tribunal he was once more condemned for his heresies, and was sent to Rome and placed under the immediate surveillance of the Pope. Here he was kept in prison for six years, and at last burnt at the stake in 1599. Throughout his trial and imprisonment he showed the highest fortitude, and met his death in the same heroic manner.

* Episodes in a Life of Adventure. By Laurence Oliphant. \$1.25. New York: Harper & Brothers.

* Life of Giordano Bruno, the Nolan. By J. Frith. Revised by Prof. Moriz Carrière. London: Trübner & Co.

Of Bruno's philosophy we have no space to treat. He anticipated Descartes in regard to the importance of doubt, Leibnitz in his theory of monads, and Spinoza in his pantheism; for a pantheist he seems to have been, notwithstanding he sometimes uses language that savors of theism, and at others expressions suggestive of animism. Thus he says that 'God is mind; mind is common to all things in nature' (p. 245). And again he tells us that the stars have souls and that their souls are in God just as our souls are (p. 42). But his service to philosophy consisted not so much in any of his theories as in his ardent search for truth, and his refusal to profess what he did not believe. His biographer shows, however, that Bruno's temper was not of the best, and that some of his troubles were due to an excessive love of disputation and the use of abusive language. But, whatever his faults may have been, and whatever the real value of his theories, 'Bruno,' as Mr. Frith well says, 'died for philosophy, and philosophy in return will keep his memory green, not only among the laurels and olives of his country, but in every land where the truth is honored among the emblems of peace and victory.'

Mrs. Campbell's "Prisoners of Poverty."*

'It's not five-cent time for an hour yet,' said the clerk at an elevated railway station one afternoon, in the days of ten-cent fares. 'Then give me back my five cents; I'll wait,' was the patient reply of the workman. The man gave no evidence of being in straits of poverty; he was decently dressed, seemed to be well fed, and was contented to wait the hour that would elapse before he could travel for five cents. But to think of a life in which five cents could be so great a factor was to have one's soul stirred to sympathy. And this feeling is intensified when one turns from such an object lesson in political economy to the perusal of Mrs. Campbell's 'Prisoners of Poverty.' Prince Saracinesca, in Crawford's new novel, when asked if he knows the misery that exists about him, replies to his revolutionary questioner that whatever it may be, it can be nothing compared to the misery that would exist if the radical were to have his way. By the exaltation of the poor above the rich, not only the rich but the poor themselves would suffer. The theory that fellow-suffering makes one sympathetic is plausible; but it is far more apt to be the man who has never suffered what he sees you suffer, and what he therefore feels must be unendurable, who comes quickly to your aid with sympathy and practical help, than the fellow-mortal who is half tempted to grumble, 'I have borne it; there is no reason why you shouldn't.' Though a landlord may be criminally careless in not knowing the condition of his tenants, it is too often merely his careless ignorance that keeps the tenants down, while the agent, just a little above their own position in life, treats them with a cruelty that would be hardly conceivable to the landlord. In the days of slavery, the slaves feared the hired overseer far more than they feared the master.

All of us have known that such conditions as Mrs. Campbell describes exist; but it is well to have the fact brought repeatedly before us, till we cannot ignore it or rest without trying to change it. Her book is devoted chiefly to statement and fact; not to the suggestion of remedies. She reinforces our consciousness that the final remedy lies farther back than in mere increase of wages or division of profits. The solution of the problem is, not to increase our 'charity': there is an amount of visible charity in our cities that really shocks by its revelation of the charity that is needed. Mrs. Campbell suggests that back of any increase of wages lies, first, the necessity of decent homes. Why should a landlord, punishable if he builds a house that will fall in and kill its occupants, be permitted to own or build tenements so wretched and so foul that the people who live in them are doomed to ill-health and moral degradation? From these demoralizing homes, the author contends, come ser-

vants ready for all sorts of temptation, and introducing into respectable family life and the care of young children, seeds of danger that will react on ourselves as surely as we shirk the duty of protecting the poor from soulless landlords.

Industrial education is another primary need; and after the boy or girl is decently housed and properly educated comes the question of opportunity to 'get on.' It is not enough that a man can earn fair wages from day to day, if the loss of a single day's work, or the first appearance of age or weakness, can suddenly cut off his daily bread. Without entering into the vexed question of division of profits, it is safe to pronounce ridiculous the theory of those who would divide between the workmen all the profits above a certain percentage of the capital. There is no reason why the capitalist should not have his 'chance' as well as his employees; but the absurdity of such a theory need not blind us to the truth, justice and wisdom of some arrangement by which the workman shall get something besides his wages, if only for the stimulus of hope. We have used the word 'man' in a general sense; because although the book under consideration is devoted to the problem of women-workers, the great problem affects all.

"His Star in the East."*

THE RECTOR of Emmanuel Church, Boston, who delivered one of the Lowell Institute course of lectures in 1885, has chosen a most felicitous title for his collection, now revised and published in book form. He has not taken the encyclopædic subject of universal religion, but only that phase of it as manifested in the Aryan mind. Vedaism, Brahmanism, Buddhism, Hinduism and Zoroastrianism are the subjects treated of, with the addition of four chapters showing the correlations of Christianity with the Aryan 'stream of tendency.' The book is the outcome of both reflection in the home study, and of travel on the Asian continent in which religion had its birth. In the Preface the author states frankly his purpose. Despite a manifest desire to have his book not only read, but pondered by the thoughtful, he has forgotten, or was in too much of a hurry, to furnish an index. The matter of the work does not, however, show marks of haste, but is a calm, bright discussion of living issues growing out of facts. Mr. Parks has not the priestly cast of mind which dwells in fixity on a fact merely because it is a fact—that is, a thing done, a thing that was. He cares more for the truth—that which was, and is, and is to be. To most persons, a 'heathen' religion is simply a dead rock. Mr. Parks would smite the hardness of fact, and draw forth the living water of truth for the thirsty. The Christian world is now asking anew the definition of the word 'heathen.' The *pagan* and the *heathen* of Roman and mediæval times, stupidly clinging to dead idols and exploded superstitions, were one sort of men. To apply the same word and idea to the earnest souls, in other latitudes than ours, who grope after God, who seek to find the substance beyond the symbol, is now absurd. It even savors of Phariseism and the pride of ignorance. As an honest Christian teacher, our author sees the hypocrisy of the thing, and we suspect he sees the humor of it too. His book is especially timely now, when Christian teachers who refuse to be trammelled by the letter of outward confessions, made under special circumstances centuries ago, are under fire and suspicion. At this time there are probably as many as fifteen hundred, possibly two thousand, young men in the Protestant theological schools of the United States, who expect, or are at least ready, to go out as foreign missionaries. Mr. Parks has them in mind, to their benefit: they will do well to read, mark, and inwardly digest this book. As necessary as is the knowledge of human nature to a pastor, so is, to the foreigner, as missionary, an acquaintance with the mind and thought of 'the heathen.' We need for the elucidation of the historic Aryan religions, not only the researches

* Prisoners of Poverty. By Helen Campbell. \$1.00. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

* His Star in the East: A Study in the Early Aryan Religions. By Leighton Parks. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

of prodigious delvers like Müller and Legge, but the works of the middlemen and distributors like Johnson and Parks. These give us the avenues of connection with the ore-crushers and smelters. We need, too, the realistic pictures of the missionaries who are in daily contact with the popular outcome of the ethnic religions. Only by a study of all can we get at the truth. If we have any criticism to make of Mr. Parks's catholic and fair book, it is that he quotes so much the bookish men, the linguists, and so little the long residents on Asiatic soil, to whom he is much indebted. Especially is this the case with the chapter on Buddhism. Some of his metaphors and similes are superb. More than one text for a good sermon glows afresh with lustre from the Oriental foil which he has added in the setting.

Minor Notices.

COL. T. W. KNOX's handy pocket volume, entitled 'How to Travel,' is egg-full of the meat of desirable knowledge. The genial Secretary of the Lotus Club, and life-long traveller, fails indeed in two particulars to furnish things needful but often lacking. He does not tell us how to provide the cash needed for travel, nor does he himself, as he ought, supply an index for ready reference to his stores of printed experience. He gives us, however, 26 chapters and 256 pages of just what the tourist or globe-trotter wants to know and cannot do without. The style is charming, the text is a chat with *you*; and you must be very stupid if you do not get all reasonable questions answered. For, not satisfied with the calm omniscience usually ascribed to a man, neither content with what he has attained already, the Colonel actually consulted 'a lady and a lawyer' (two persons, we judge) to help him out. This is wise, since even bachelors are not infallible. Directions for travel on sea and land, field and flood, are given; and every method, except ballooning, is described. Money of all sorts, vehicular science in all its branches, and the art of bestriding beasts of many species; how to meet, face, and conquer the extortioners of every color, race, sex and creed; legal rights of the traveller; remedies for sea-sickness; and movement in outlandish places, are treated in detail. Our own eyes glistened—almost moistened with joy—as we turned to the chapter headed 'Marching Without Money—Round the World for \$50.' After reading, however, we preferred to keep our cheek tender, and shall content our own dear self with spinning round on the world in its daily revolution only, instead of scudding across its surface. Indeed, quoting from a Paris newspaper, the author shows us how to enjoy most of the pleasures of life for nothing. Suffice it to say that every new traveller about to make a tour in Europe or round the world, will find this book well worth its weight (five ounces according to our table Fairbanks) in silver. Messrs. Putnam's imprimatur adorns the title-page of this revised edition.

MR. JOHN R. DOS PASSOS, author of 'The Inter-State Commerce Act: An Analysis of its Provisions,' has done good service in this little book to the reading public, and especially to all persons interested in interstate commerce or in national legislation. The Act of Congress which he analyzes is one of the most important that has ever been enacted, affecting as it does not only the railroad business but the entire industry of the country. It is certain to give rise to an immense amount of discussion and litigation, and all persons concerned in the railroad business or in interpreting the laws, and likewise all persons who attempt to lead public opinion, ought to be familiar with its provisions. To such persons, therefore, this work by Mr. Dos Passos will be welcome. It gives a clear analysis of the Act, presenting the meaning of each of its provisions as well as it can be ascertained, with a brief discussion of the important constitutional questions to which it gives rise. A copy of the Act, certified as correct by Secretary Bayard, is given in an appendix. The most important questions arising under it, in the author's opinion as well as in ours, are those relating to the constitutionality of the Interstate Commission and the extraordinary powers with which it is invested—'powers that are at once judicial, commercial and inquisitorial.' And he is right in saying that 'the decision of the Supreme Court of the United States upon this important subject will be awaited with the most intense anxiety and interest by the people of the United States.' (Putnam.)

A LARGE share of the knowledge necessary to a bibliophile may be gleaned from Mr. Theo. L. De Vinne's lecture on 'Historic Printing Types,' read before the Grolier Club on Jan. 25, 1885, and now issued from the De Vinne Press, with many additions and illustrations, as a handsome volume of 110 pages. The types treated of are the most important in the history of printing, from black-letter days to the present time. The early German gothic;

early Roman and italic types; French and Dutch types of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries; English black-letter and later English styles; types of Bodoni, Fournier and later French founders; modern adaptations of old-style types and types of American founders, are all noticed, compared and their different merits and demerits fully brought out and illustrated. The author shows a leaning toward the Elzevir types and the French types of Fournier, and justifies it by examples and by reasons which will be easily understood by any one who has given the matter a little attention. He shows also that the modern imitations of these types are far from having all the merits of the originals, except in the one particular of mechanical execution, in which modern type-founders excel. All that he has to say, whether on the practical or the historical side of his subject, is well considered and clearly expressed, and the book can be recommended to both the general reader and the specialist.

REV. W. C. WINSLOW, the indefatigable representative of the Egypt Exploration Fund in America, has reprinted from *The Church Review* his article entitled 'Naukratis: A Greek City in Egypt.' In it we have a glimpse of Hellas in Egypt, with an account of the discovery by Mr. Petrie of the factory of scarabs. Here Greek workmen made and sold the amulets which the living and the mummied natives set such store by. Thanks to the rainless sky and drifting sands of Egypt, tools, material, and products of art in every stage of manufacture, have been kept in undisturbed slumber for aeons. Now, under Mr. Petrie's spade, we witness a marvellous resurrection of art and household utensils. It is like a peep into Hades. The pamphlet is a chronological telescope. Happy are the children of to-day who can visit the Boston Museum or our own Metropolitan Museum, and see life and work as they were in Egypt centuries ago. This little pamphlet will supplement Prof. Rawlinson's book on Egypt in the Story of the Nations Series, wherefrom (most unaccountably) is omitted all reference to the wonders of discovery wrought by the Egyptian Exploration Fund. Every one of the fifteen pages is full of stimulating information. (Damrell & Upham.)

'THE ANNUAL AMERICAN CATALOGUE,' of which the first volume, for 1886, has reached us, gives in alphabetical order the full titles and descriptions of all books recorded in *The Publishers' Weekly* last year, numbering 4,500 entries. There is an index of 10,000 entries, in which the books are entered by author, title and subject. A supplementary index gives the latest issues of the year, and a 'List of Publishers' forms a directory to the American houses that really issued books in 1886. The compiler, Mr. R. R. Bowker, modestly claims that 'of books that are books there are not many serious omissions in this catalogue,' and promises that if the demand is what it should be, there will be still fewer in the volume for the current year.

London Letter.

THE Cynthia of the minute is certainly the Hon. William Cody. Perhaps, indeed, he is something more; for he was that when I wrote my last letter, though—to my shame be it recorded—I forgot to mention his romantic name. It is true that some ill-natured folk have compared him with Barnum, and that the dire word 'circus' has been mentioned more than once in connection with him. But, none the less, at the 'Yankeries' and elsewhere he is doing an enormous business. He goes everywhere and sees everybody; and twice a day the populace comes westward in its thousands and its tens of thousands, and does him honor in his public capacity. He is the 'Yankeries' *à lui seul*, and without him the speculation must, I think, have been a mournful failure. What the public wants, is not American machinery, nor even American art, but Buffalo Bill; and that gentleman may take credit to himself for a tremendous success. We are like Panurge's sheep, we English: Where one leads the rest will follow in flocks. It was so when Mrs. Langtry played Rosalind; we went in multitudes to see her, and left our greatest actress, Mrs. Kendal—who is perhaps, I should add, the greatest actress in the world—to play to empty benches. It was so when Miss Anderson revealed her personal graces and her utter incapacity for the stage in Parthenia and in Galatea; even as it was when Mr. Irving played Mathias for the first time at the Lyceum, and when Salvini burst upon us as Othello. Reaction is inevitable, I know; we stay away with as complete an unanimity as we display in putting in an appearance. Mrs. Langtry's last London season was not a brilliant success; when I saw Salvini's Lear, the house (I blush to say it) was half-empty; I do not think Miss Anderson is quite so novel as she was, and though Mr. Irving remains superior to fashion, and has played a sort of pantomime Mephisto for fifteen months or so on end, it were no great act of temerity to hint that it is within the bounds of possi-

bility that, like the rest, he may have his turn. So—and this may be affirmed more positively by far—so may Buffalo Bill. Meanwhile, he has the ball at his foot, and there is none to say him nay. 'Tis possible, of course, that he may quit the scene in October, his lustre undiminished and his decorative quality as fresh and sparkling as ever; but I take leave to doubt it. For the moment, however, fortune smiles upon him; and those American painters who declined to enter into competition with him and his cowboys were well advised enough, as far as their own interests were concerned. As regards those of the show, their wisdom is not so patent. I have heard nothing of the pictures that are actually on view at Earl's Court; nobody seems to have seen them—nobody seems, indeed, to know that any are there; and the fact that the Franco-American artists refused to appear in line with Red Shirt and Texas Jim has not, so far as I know, got into any journal whatsoever. That they did so, I am credibly informed; and I suppose there can be no sort of doubt that, if they hadn't, the American exhibition would be making a braver show in the matter of the Fine Arts than it is.

I have read—with very natural interest—some of the criticisms on Messrs. Henley and Stevenson's 'Deacon Brodie,' produced, a week or two ago, at Wallack's Theatre; and I have been struck by the unanimity with which their authors refer the origin of the piece to 'The House on the Marsh' and 'Jim the Penman,' or even to the career of the heroic Pearce. It is hardly worth remarking, of course, but it is a fact that (as I have excellent means of knowing) 'Deacon Brodie' has existed, in one form or another, for a considerable number of years, and was seen in three dimensions before Miss Warden published her novel, I believe, and assuredly before Sir Charles Young produced his play. To this I may add that it has as little to do with the late Charles Pearce as with his predecessor, the renowned Jack Sheppard. The principal character is historical. There really was a William Brodie, Deacon of the Wrights; he was a master burglar by night, and by day a citizen whose influence was weighty and wide enough to turn (so it is said) the scale of a parliamentary election. Jean Watt, too, was a real person; and Humphrey Moore, George Smith and Andrew Ainslie, all existed, all served the Deacon, and were all in trouble with their master. He, I should note, experienced the fate of his kind. He escaped to Holland; revealed his whereabouts by an unwary inquiry as to the results of certain cock-fights; was pursued, captured (in a cupboard), brought back, tried, and finally hanged upon a drop into the construction of which, it is said, he had introduced, as a good carpenter might, a certain ingenious improvement. You may find the story of his life in Kay's 'Edinburgh,' and also in the record of his trial—the plethoric little volume which was printed and sold at the time of his translation. Both are embellished with etched portraits by the aforesaid Kay; and if Kay was not a libeller, then must Deacon Brodie—who in one is pictured in his prison cell, seated at a table decorated with cards and dice—have been a gentleman of unpleasant aspect. For the rest, the *idde mère* of the play—the scene, that is to say, in which the Deacon is caught and unmasked in the act of breaking his friend's house—is to be found in Mr. Stevenson's 'Edinburgh,' in the shape of a tradition—or a fact, I forget which—still popular and still credible. In the version of his adventures which was produced (at a *matinée*) at the Prince's Theatre some three or four years ago, he 'cut up ugly' in the end, and died in a madness of denunciation and despair—a piece of 'realism' revolting to the human mind. In the new version produced at Wallack's, he takes (as I understand) another road, gives way to sentiment, and commits suicide by way of expiation. It is odd, though not unnatural, that both these solutions should have been condemned. The first was found disgusting; the second is set down as unveracious and conventional. I need hardly remark that, to my poor judgment, both sets of critics are right; or that a handsome reward will probably be his who will discover to the authors how to end their drama in any other fashion.

Talking of 'Deacon Brodie' reminds me that this some time past I have said nothing about theatres. The truth is, there is little or nothing to say. London is just now by no means rich in successes. At the Adelphi 'Harbor Lights' is still droning on; at the Princess's Mr. Warner is nightly to be seen as the hero of 'Held by the Enemy'; at the Opera Comique Mrs. Bernard Beere has entirely quelled the critics as the heroine of 'As in a Looking-Glass'; and at the Comedy, in Panton Street, Mr. Beerbohm Tree has scored a good 'success of esteem' with 'The Red Lamp.' Mr. Irving is changing his bill, and alternating Mephistopheles with Shylock and Mathias; Mr. Clayton is playing the Dean in 'Dandy Dick,' with admirable art and to capital houses; Mrs. Kendal is still to the front as Lady Clancarty; while Mrs. James Brown Potter has retired from publicity and the Haymarket, and will be seen no more until the autumn (by which time, it is hoped, she may have mastered one or two of the rudiments of her profession), when, it

is said, she will be reproduced at the Gaiety in an adaptation from the French. And that, I think, is all. There is an abundance of *matinées*, as usual; but nothing seems to come of them. Heywood has been tried, and Dryden and Shelley; Mr. Browning has had his turn with the others; and of new plays by new men there is no end. But the coming dramatist has not yet been discovered.

The best book of the fortnight is Mr. Meredith's 'Ballads and Poems of Tragic Life.' It is concentrated and difficult as all his work; but it contains magnificent stuff—notably in 'The Nuptials of Attila' and 'France: December, 1870'—and in 'Phaethon,' such an achievement in the way of galliambics, an all but impossible form, as puts the Laureate's 'Boadicea' out of court. Another volume, a sort of sequel to, or companion of, the 'Lyrics of the Joy of Earth,' is presently to be expected from the same hand. Meanwhile, it may interest some of your readers to know that if they want a portrait of the author, there is one—an admirable one; just taken, and the only one in existence—to be had of Mr. T. Hollyer, Pembroke Square, London, W. Of Mr. Lang's reprint of Adlington's quaint and charming rendering of Apuleius, 'The Marriage of Cupid and Psyche,' I shall only note that it is delightful in itself; that it is introduced by a number of copies of commendatory verse from the pens of Miss May Kendall and Messrs. Lang, W. H. Pollock, Frederick Locker-Lampson (the author of 'London Lyrics') and Mackail; and that the editor's 'Discourse on the Fable' is so rich in facts, so prodigal of illustration, and so ingenious in argument, as to give the book a peculiar and enduring value.

LONDON, May 21, 1887.

H. B.

Summer Plans of Literary Workers.*

MR. HENRY ABBEY finds few places pleasanter than Kingston, N. Y., in summer. He is in the habit of taking three or four railway trips to the Catskills, and long walks when he gets there; and these do not exact a long absence from home. He has not written a poem since his last book went into the printer's hands.

Miss Mary L. Booth, editor of *Harper's Bazar*, has gone abroad for her first outing in the Old World. She will be gone several months, and will see as many countries as possible.

Mr. Wm. Allen Butler expects to spend the summer at his country home in Yonkers, but he is too busy in his profession to do any literary work.

Mr. Will Carleton's busy life does not admit of 'summer vacations,' so-called, and the hot months are to him only the signal of a change of scene for his work. During the coming summer he will visit many of the principal watering-places, gathering material for 'Will Carleton's Walks,' which have already been commenced, and are being published in various papers throughout the country. He is also completing a new book of poems, which will be published early next year. Besides this, he is under contract to furnish articles for various literary papers, and is engaged to give lectures and original readings at Chautauqua, and three other assemblies in different parts of the country. The remainder of the time he will rest.

Mr. John D. Champlin, Jr., intends to go, about the first of July, to Conanicut Island, Narragansett Bay, opposite Newport, and will probably remain there all summer, continuing his work on the Scribners' Art Cyclopædies.

Prof. T. F. Crane of Cornell will spend the summer at Kidder's Ferry, on the shores of Lake Cayuga, finishing his edition of the mediæval stories of Jacques de Vitry, which he has undertaken for the English Folk-Lore Society. He is also collecting material for the third volume of his French Classics, published by Putnam's, which will be devoted to French society in the Seventeenth Century.

Mr. Samuel Adams Drake has a house at Kennebunkport, Maine, in which, when not absent on fishing expeditions, he will work away at a companion volume to his 'Making of New England,' which the Messrs. Scribner will publish.

Mr. Ernest Ingersoll will journey about 'picturesque Canada,' probably finding his way to the British Rocky

* Continued from May 28 and June 4.

Mountains and the coast of Vancouver Island before the end of the season.

Mr. Richard Malcolm Johnston's expectation is to remain at home in Baltimore, revising the proofs of a forthcoming volume of his stories, which the Harpers are printing. He may, however, spend a few weeks among old friends in his native State of Georgia, and hopes to make some headway with a novel illustrating some phases of the life of the most cultured society in mid-Georgia villages several years before the War.

Miss Lucy Larcom seldom makes plans for anything: when she says to herself that she will write something, she is pretty sure not to do it; and she seldom knows where she is going till she starts. Her usual summer resorts are Centre Harbor and (in August and September) the higher White Mountain regions. She is not now engaged upon any connected work, but will probably write some verses or sketches—or both—before the summer is over.

Miss M. G. McClelland's summer movements will be—stationary. She has just returned to Norwood, Nelson county, Va., from her first visit to the great cities of the North, and is working with renewed energy on a novel which she hopes to have ready for Henry Holt & Co by the first of August. She has work in hand for the magazines, too.

Mr. John Bach McMaster will spend the month of June in the Library of the American Antiquarian Society, in Worcester, Mass. Besides collecting notes and verifying references for his 'History of the People of the United States,' he will read the proofs of his 'Benjamin Franklin' in the American Men-of-Letters Series. On July 1 he will go to Kennebunkport, Maine, where he hopes to make considerable progress with Vol. III. of the History.

Rev. T. T. Munger will sail for England with his two daughters in July and return in September. His only definite purpose is to visit the cathedral cities, lingering in the south-western counties; it is possible, however, that he will spend a week in Holland and Belgium. He will engage in no work while absent—perhaps not even keep a notebook.

Rev. H. N. Powers has had part of his vacation already, having just returned from a week at Moosehead Lake, Maine, where he captured some noble trout in the Kennebec. He will spend the summer at his home in Piermont on the Hudson where he will write a few short poems and one or two serious essays.

Miss Amélie Rives will probably spend two or three weeks at Newport this summer and the rest of the time in her old Virginia home.

Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford, whose husband's illness has engrossed her attention of late, can think of nothing pleasanter than passing the summer months at home on Deer Island, Newburyport, Mass. She is engaged upon no other work than her 'Ballads of Authors,' for *Wide Awake*.

Mrs. Mary Virginia Terhune ('Marion Harland') has gone with her family to Sunnyside, on Lake Ramapo, northern New Jersey. Such leisure as she can get she will devote to a novel which she has been trying for six years to find time to write. Dr. Terhune will pass some weeks in the Adirondacks; and both he and his wife will accept the hospitality of a friend who has a country-seat on Lake Winnebago, for a week in August.

Miss Sarah Woolsey ('Susan Coolidge') is about to start from Newport, if she has not already started, for Colorado Springs, Colorado, to spend a couple of months in 'H. H.'s' old home. On her return, at the beginning of August, she will go to North-East Harbor, Mt. Desert, to remain as long as the hot weather lasts. Her work for the summer is not very distinctly planned, but she hopes to accomplish, among other things, a short story, in three numbers, for *Wide Awake*.

Among the authors not mentioned in our revelation of 'summer plans,' who are more or less permanently settled

in the Old World, are W. L. Alden, Consul General to Italy; Prof. Rasmus B. Anderson, Minister to Denmark; F. Marion Crawford, whose home is in Italy; Bret Harte and Henry James, who live in London; Charles Godfrey Leland ('Hans Breitmann') and his niece, Mrs. Elizabeth Robbins Pennell; Mr. and Mrs. Piatt, Judge J. B. Stallo, Minister to Italy, and F. H. Underwood, who succeeded Bret Harte in the Glasgow Consulate. As a writer on law subjects, Minister Phelps also might be admitted to this list.

The Lounger

IT IS AT this season of the year that the newspapers, having nothing of importance to chronicle save the fishing adventures of the President and the (sometimes) bloodless victories of the baseball field, turn their attention for a moment to Prof. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen, of Columbia. Not that Mr. Boyesen is particularly active in these days; but, everything else being so quiet, this is accepted as the best time to consider the peculiar spelling of his name. One paper, at its wits' end for news or gossip, has recently announced that the Norwegian novelist and poet is in receipt of \$10,000 a year, Columbia College paying him \$5,000 for his professional services and Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, his publishers, a like sum for the use of the *j's* in his name. This paragraph has been quite widely circulated; the result being that Mr. Boyesen has suddenly become conscious of the existence of a vast army of needy relatives, scattered over every county in the Union. Were his income \$500,000, it would barely suffice to meet the demands of these hitherto-unsuspected kinsmen. So long as the 'funny men' confined themselves to the indiscriminate insertion of *j's* in all the words of any sentence in which Mr. Boyesen's name appeared, no bones were broken; but I fear there would be a scene of strife and carnage, if the perpetrator of the \$10,000 canard were to fall into the clutches of the victim of his pleasantry.

BRIGHT EYES, the Omaha Indian, who with effective eloquence addressed many gatherings in the East in behalf of the ill-treated Poncas, eight or nine years ago, has been lecturing in New England in behalf of the whole Indian race. Recent legislation has given the redmen the right to own land individually, and to become citizens of the United States: what they now need is adequate provision for the local administration of justice. This, it is said, the existing courts do not afford, the local magistrates in the Indian country being indifferent to the needs of persons who, being untaxable for twenty-five years, contribute nothing to the funds by which the courts are maintained. What Bright Eyes seeks, is the appointment by the Supreme Court of judges who shall have special jurisdiction of cases in which Indians are involved. It is probable that she will address a large public meeting to be called in this city in the fall; and in the meantime a trip across the Atlantic with her husband, Mr. T. H. Tibbles, is on the cards. Several invitations have come to her to visit England, and should one of them be accepted, it is more than likely that she will do something while abroad to enlighten our English cousins as to the status of the aborigines in America. The mere presence there of an intelligent, educated, dignified and attractive Indian woman will go far to correct the popular impression, confirmed by the Wild West Show, that the redman is, by his very nature, a savage averse to soap and incapable of civilization.

I RECEIVED, some time ago, the prospectus of *The Confederate Colonel*, a twelve-page illustrated weekly, to be published at Austin, Texas. According to this prospectus,

the editors and proprietors of *The Colonel* have carefully kept account of all prominent gatherings held in the United States during the past twenty years, and find that more than six-sevenths of all men present on those occasions were military heroes, and that of all the distinguished soldiers who took part in 'the war' on either side, and who are ever mentioned, more than four-fifths were 'Colonels.' This fact cast the deciding vote, and our paper was named *Colonel*. *Confederate* was added because we were in the land of the gray uniforms, but it will not be a secessionist organ by any means, our motto being: 'No North, no South, no East, no West, in gathering wealth,' but every one given the same right to pay for and read *The Colonel*.

A MANAGEMENT that exhibits so much shrewdness in the selection of a name should be able to conduct any paper with success. The present venture is not unpremeditated: '*The Colonel* will spring to life, like Minerva, complete in every part and full-panoplied; and it will be as unbiased in politics as a paper edited by life-long Democrats can be, in a State rolling up over 160,000 majority for the good old Democratic ticket.' I have great hopes

for *The Colonel*; but whether he has yet sprung into life full-panoplied and complete in every part or not, I do not know.

I NEVER appreciated in what wholesome dread Anthony Comstock was held by publishers until within a few weeks, when the question of reprinting a certain English novel of remarkable popularity but doubtful morality came up for decision. Its success in England has been exceptional, and now it has even been dramatized and brought out at one of the leading London theatres. English copies of the book have sold here like hot cakes. One bookseller told me that he had sold 700 copies over his counters and had orders for as many more. The book was offered to half a dozen publishers, but they shook their heads and declined with thanks. Even the publishers of cheap libraries into whose net, as a rule, everything that comes is fish, declined it with a sigh. Some of those who thus passed this tempting morsel by undoubtedly did so for conscientious reasons; others, as they confessed, for fear of Comstock.

WHY they should think that this particular story, any more than dozens of others I could name would attract Mr. Comstock's attention, is more than I can see. It is immoral, but not more so than most of the French translations that are put upon the market, and much less so than Ouida's novels. It certainly does not make vice attractive. You have no sympathy for the heroine as you have for the unhappy Marguerite Gautier—*la dame aux camellias*. Tauchnitz has put it into his attractive series, yet it is ostracized by the American publisher, though he knows that it would sell to the extent of twenty or thirty thousand copies.

ANOTHER instance of this sort of surveillance was called to my attention the other day. I was at the house of a friend who had just returned from Maine, and I noticed a bottle labelled 'Liniment' standing on her sideboard. What have you been using liniment for? I asked. She laughed a musical laugh and proceeded to explain. 'That,' said she, 'is alcohol for my spirit lamp. I wanted to make a pot of tea last week in Brunswick, Maine, and found I had no alcohol for my lamp, so I sent my maid out to the nearest drug store to get some. She returned bearing that bottle marked as you see, and the druggist told her that he had put poison in it. He hoped that I wouldn't mind, it was just as good for burning, and unless he did that, and called it liniment, he could be arrested.' As my friend did not want to drink it, it answered her purpose.

The Magazines.

The Forum opens with an article by Prof. Francis L. Patton, who, under the title 'Is Andover Romanizing?' discusses the difference between the Roman Catholic purgatory and the Andover suggestion of possible dissemination of the gospel after death. Andrew Lang, in his 'Books that Have Helped Me,' does not help us much with his mention of the classic Shakespeare, Scott, Thackeray, Homer, Thucydides, Molière, Tennyson, Pascal, Montaigne, Plato, Aristotle, Marcus Aurelius and Matthew Arnold. Prof. G. J. Romanes contributes the first of a series on 'What is the Object of Life?' It is a captivating subject, but Prof. Romanes does not go far in it when he suggests 'to love and to think.' As almost every one manages to love and to think in some fashion, the whole question is how we are to love and what we are to think; or perhaps rather why we are to love and think; as to which processes or theories the Professor leaves us as much in the dark as ever. The article on 'Capital Punishment,' by Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, is suggestive and novel in its plea that capital punishment should be enforced. J. T. Brooks argues against 'Railway Passes,' in the belief that the Interstate Commerce Law will not be sufficient to do away with the custom. Prof. R. H. Thurston writes of 'The Form and Speed of Yachts,' and Commander H. C. Taylor suggests obtaining 'Control of the Pacific' by a canal through Nicaragua instead of across the dangerous isthmus of Panama.

The new romance by Marion Crawford in *Macmillan's*, called 'With the Immortals,' bids fair to be one of the literary events of the year. A party of friends are represented as having succeeded in materializing the ghosts of the great dead, Heine being the spirit 'interviewed' in these first chapters. It is needless to say that the conversation shows fine literary art, and that the discussion is more than worth reading. We are given in general a clever vision into the deadness of immortality as it is popularly conceived, with a heaven which seems to be earth divested of all that makes life agreeable. Incidentally some delightful theorizing is worked in, perhaps the best being the analysis which shows how much sympathy depends on the way a sad story is told. 'Duke Carl of Rosenmold' is one of Pater's visionary extravaganzas, overfine for ordinary intelligence. Julia Sturgis contributes 'A Child of Sci-

ence,' in its way as good a ghost-story as Crawford's. Prof. Hales gives an account of 'Three Elizabethan Comedies,' supposed to be lost, but lately unearthed in the Bodleian Library. 'The Earthquake in London' describes how people would probably behave if there were an earthquake there, with the suggestive legend about Abraham and the angel, who explained when ten thousand died after he had promised to slay only one thousand, 'I did slay only one thousand; the others died of fear.'

The American article in *The Westminster Review* is by Horace E. Deming, who writes of 'Political Party Organization in the United States,' aiming to give our English friends some idea of the 'machine.' 'The Eighty-Seventh Coercion Bill' is by a writer who thinks the bill may become a law, but who believes that a terrible reaction will follow it. In 'The Emancipation of Women' it is hinted that the Liberals are unfriendly to the cause they ought to espouse from dread of increasing the Tory vote. 'Technical Education and Foreign Competition' is one more strong plea for the education of the hand. 'American State Government and the Irish Demand' is an effort to show in what way the advocates of Home Rule think they find encouragement in the connection between State control and general government in the United States. We have 'The Early Life of Carlyle' by a writer who naïvely confesses that Carlyle was not perfect, but who thinks he will ultimately emerge serene from the bitter attacks of his foes and the mistaken defence of his friends.

A GREAT pleasure is before the readers of *The Century* in a promised series of studies of Russian and Siberian life by Mr. George Kennan. The June number contains the first of these—an account of 'A Visit to Count Tolstói,' which is an example of what legitimate interviewing can do, in making a popular author better understood as a writer, and bringing his personality to our consciousness without personalities unnecessary to the reader and painful to the author. A striking portrait of Tolstói is the frontispiece. The Life of Lincoln shows signs of a thickening plot, dealing now with the attack on Sumner and the Dred Scott Decision. To comprehend Lincoln it is of course necessary to understand the times; but one certainly begins to look somewhat impatiently for his personality. Mrs. Van Rensselaer's cathedral article is on Peterborough, and she has the skill to inspire all of us with her own enthusiasm. Two articles on boat racing are by Julian Hawthorne of Harvard and Henry Eckford of Yale. Prof. Atwater, in this instalment of his papers on food, declares that if fish is good for the brain it is not because it contains phosphorus, but because it doesn't contain fat. Rev. T. T. Munger writes finely of 'Education and Social Progress,' incidentally explaining where realism fails to satisfy. In the War Memoranda there is a noteworthy letter from a Confederate general on Union sentiment in the South. The finest fiction of the number is Miss Phelps's short story, 'Jack.' As keen an observer and with as quick insight into New England character as Miss Jewett, as realistic as Howells, as humorous and tender as Dickens, as earnest as Mrs. Stowe, as beautiful a writer as Mrs. Foote, let us not forget in the present craze for almost unknown Southern story-tellers that Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is a literary artist who can be censured only for occasional extravagance of language, which she is now gradually giving up.

The prominent article in the April *Magazine of Western History* is a very fair account of Burr's Western Expedition, though the writer does not succeed in clearing up the mystery which has always overhung that inexplicable performance. The lawyers have an unusually good showing in this number, the 'bench and bar' of Toronto, Buffalo, Milwaukee, and Ohio being treated through biographies of notable representatives. There are also sketches of Father Rappe, First Bishop of Cleveland, Judge McClintock, pioneer merchant of the Scioto Valley, and four of the leading bankers of Buffalo. The history of Milwaukee is continued, and A. G. Riddle tells how he 'discovered' Henry Ward Beecher. There are a dozen steel portraits.

Vol. I. of *Scribner's Magazine*, covering January-June, 1887, is now to be had in a handsome and substantial binding of smooth olive canvas stamped in gold. The contents have been noticed in THE CRITIC from month to month, but it may be added that, bound together, they gain rather than lose in attractiveness. The 'features' of this volume are the papers on 'Our Defenceless Coasts,' 'The Forests of North America,' 'The Development of the Steamship,' ex-Minister Washburne's 'Reminiscences of the Siege and Commune of Paris,' 'Illustrations of Napoleon and his Times,' and—first in interest and literary importance—Thackeray's letters to Mrs. Brookfield and her husband.

Les Lettres et les Arts for May is perhaps the best number yet issued of this ambitious publication. An article on the painter Gérôme, from the pen of Frédéric Masson, is made very interesting

by the excellent illustrations in photogravure of some of the artist's most celebrated works, to which are added a full-page etching by Courty and another by Rajon. The frontispiece is after a variant of Henner's 'Eclogue,' now in the French collection at the National Academy of Design, and is made the subject of a 'Harmonie du Soir,' by Jean Lahor. The irrepressible Pierre Loti writes of the little East Indian town of Mahé, and his descriptions are helped out by the spirited crayon sketches of Felix Regamey. The short story of the number is 'L'Oncle Time,' by Henri Lavedan. 'La Lessive de la Vierge' is a ballad by Gabriel Vicaire, with a good deal of the old-time naïveté of the Breton legends. The bureau of Louis XV. is described, with the aid of wood-cuts, by Germain Bapst. 'Aux Affaires Etrangères,' by Paul Hervieu, is also illustrated with woodcuts, the poor printing of which is the only blot on the number.

The *Antiquary* contains, in its April and May numbers, a plenty of curious reading about old houses, old customs, old legends and old things in general. The titles of some of the longer articles are: 'The Keys of the Old Bastille of Paris,' 'Bess of Hardwick,' 'Coucy-le-Chateau,' 'The Cromwells of America,' 'Modern Welsh Surnames,' 'Roman Baths at Bath,' and 'A Note on the Dialect and Literature of Venice.' Reports of meetings of antiquarian societies, reviews and correspondence contain much curious and entertaining matter.—*Book Lore* for April has articles on 'Bewick's Birds,' on 'The Present Value of Dickens's Works' and on 'Letter-Founders from Caxton to Day.' The latter is illustrated with many fac-similes of varieties of old black-letter, Roman and Saxon characters. The prices paid for first editions of Dickens seem to vary greatly, 'David Copperfield' being quoted at 1*l.* 1*s.* and also at 2*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.*, and the Christmas Books, 5 vols., at 3*l.* and also at 10*l.*

Thackeray's Letters to Mrs. Brookfield.

THE following letters and fragments of letters are extracted from the June instalment of Thackerayana in *Scribner's Magazine*:

I have been to see a great character to-day and another still greater yesterday. To-day was Jules Janin, whose books you never read, nor do I suppose you could very well. He is the critic of the *Journal des Débats*, and has made his weekly feuilleton famous throughout Europe. He does not know a word of English, but he translated Sterne and I think Clarissa Harlowe. One week, having no theatres to describe in his feuilleton, or no other subject handy, he described his own marriage, which took place in fact that week, and absolutely made a present of his sensations to all the European public. He has the most wonderful verve, humor, oddity, honesty, bonhomie. He was ill with the gout, or recovering perhaps; but bounced about the room, gesticulating, joking, gasconading, quoting Latin, pulling out his books which are very handsome, and tossing about his curling brown hair—a magnificent, jolly, intelligent face such as would suit Pan I should think; a flood of humorous, rich, jovial talk. And now I have described this, how are you to have the least idea of him. I daresay it is not a bit like him.

I went to see my old haunts when I came to Paris 13 years ago, and made believe to be a painter—just after I was ruined, and before I fell in love and took to marriage and writing. It was a very jolly time, I was as poor as Job and sketched away most abominably, but pretty contented; and we used to meet in each other's little rooms and talk about art and smoke pipes and drink bad brandy and water. That awful habit still remains, but where is art, that dear mistress whom I loved, though in a very indolent, capricious manner, but with a real sincerity? I see her far, very far off. I jilted her, I know it very well; but you see it was Fate ordained that marriage should never take place; and forced me to take on with another lady, two other ladies, three other ladies; I mean the muse and my wife, &c., &c.

I couldn't find the lecture room at the Institute, so I went to the Louvre instead, and took a feast with the statues and pictures. The Venus of Milo is the grandest figure of figures. The wave of the lines of the figure, whenever seen, fills my senses with pleasure. What is it which so charms, satisfies one, in certain lines? O! the man who achieved that statue was a beautiful genius. I have been sitting thinking of it these 10 minutes in a delightful sensuous rumination. The colors of the Titian pictures comfort one's eyes similarly; and after these feasts, which wouldn't please my lady very much I daresay, being I should think too earthly for you, I went and looked at a picture I usedn't to care much for in old days, an angel saluting a Virgin and child by Pietro Cortona—a sweet smiling angel with a lily in her hands, looking so tender and gentle I wished that instant to make a copy of it, and do it

beautifully, which I can't, and present it to somebody on Lady-day. There now, just fancy it is done, and presented in a neat compliment, and hung up in your room—a pretty piece—dainty and devotional? . . . But now, with a blush upon my damask cheek, I come to the adventures of the day. You must know I went to the play with an old comrade, Roger de Beauvoir, an ex-dandy and man of letters, who talked incessantly during the whole of dinner time, as I remember, though I can't for the life of me recall what he said. Well we went together to the play, and he took me where William would long to go, to the green-room. I have never been in a French green-room before, and was not much excited, but when he proposed to take me up to the *loge* of a beautiful actress with sparkling eyes and the prettiest little *retroussé* nose-*posey* in the world, I said to the *régisseur* of the theatre 'lead on!' and we went through passages and up-stairs to the *loge*, which is not a box, but O! gracious goodness, a dressing room!—She had just taken off her rouge, her complexion was only a thousand times more brilliant, perhaps the *peignoir* of black satin which partially enveloped her perfect form, only served to heighten &c., which it could but partially do, &c. Her lips are really as red as &c., and not covered with paint at all. Her voice is delicious, her eyes, O! they flashed &c. upon me, and I felt my &c. beating so that I could hardly speak. I pitched in, if you will permit me the phrase, two or three compliments however, very large and heavy, of the good old English sort, and O! *mon Dieu*, she has asked me to go and see her. Shall I go, or shan't I? Shall I go this very day at 4 o'clock, or shall I not? Well, I won't tell you, I will put up my letter before 4, and keep this piece of intelligence for the next packet. . . . I have been to see the actress, who received us in a yellow satin drawing-room, and who told me that she had but one fault in the world, that she had *trop bon cœur*, and I am ashamed to say that I pitched in still stronger compliments than before, and I daresay that she thinks the enormous old Englishman is rapturously in love with her; but she will never see him again, that faithless giant. I am past the age when Fotheringays inflame, but I shall pop her and her boudoir into a book some day, and that will be the end of our transactions.

I was to have gone to-morrow for certain to Boulogne, at least, but a party to Fontainebleau was proposed—by whom do you think?—by the President himself; I am going to dine with him to-day, think of that! I believe I write this for the purpose solely of telling you this—the truth is I have made acquaintance here with Lord Douglas, who is very good natured, and I suppose has been instigating the President to these hospitalities. I am afraid I disgusted Macaulay yesterday at dinner, at Sir George Napier's. We were told that an American lady was coming in the evening, whose great desire in life was to meet the author of 'Vanity Fair,' and the author of the 'Lays of A. Rome,' so I proposed to Macaulay to enact me, and to let me take his character. But he said solemnly that he did not approve of practical jokes, and so this sport did not come to pass.

Riding over the Serpentine Bridge, six horsemen, with a lady in the middle, came galloping upon me, and sent me on to the foot pavement in a fright, when they all pulled up at a halt, and the lady in the middle cried out, How do you do Mr. &c. The lady in the middle was pretty Mrs. L. She made me turn back with the six horsemen; of course I took off my hat with a profound bow, and said that to follow in her train was my greatest desire—and we rode back, all through the carriages, making an immense clatter and sensation, which the lady in the middle, her name was Mrs. Liddle, enjoyed very much. She looked uncommonly handsome, she had gentlemen with mustachios on each side of her. I thought we looked like Brighton bucks or provincial swells, and felt by no means elated. Then we passed out of Hyde Park into the Green Ditto, where the lady in the middle said she must have a canter, and off we set, the moustachios, the lady, and myself; skurrying the policemen off the road and making the walkers stare. I was glad when we got to St. James' Park gate, where I could take leave of that terrific black-eyed beauty, and ride away by myself.

The Episcopal Cathedral.

[The New York Times.]

THE organization which was formed 15 years ago for the erection of a great Protestant Episcopal Cathedral in this city has come to life again with a better prospect of success than ever before. In a letter to the citizens of New York, given below, Bishop Potter explains the enterprise as far as practicable at present. The letter will shortly be supplemented with other communications of an official character, including a list of those who have already contributed to the fund. The organization has a Board of Trustees composed of the following gentlemen: The Right Rev. H. C. Pot-

ter, President; George Macculloch Miller, Secretary; The Rev. Morgan Dix, D.D., of Trinity Church; the Rev. William R. Huntington, D.D., of Grace Church; the Rev. E. W. Donald, of Ascension Church; the Rev. George H. Houghton, D.D., of the Church of the Transfiguration; the Rev. P. K. Cady, D.D., of Hyde Park, N. Y.; the Hon. Hamilton Fish, Stephen P. Nash, J. Pierpont Morgan, Cornelius Vanderbilt, William W. Astor, Samuel D. Babcock, William Butler Duncan, J. Roosevelt Roosevelt, and Richard T. Auchmuty. Associated and co-operating with the gentlemen named is the Rev. Dr. Nevin, late of St. Paul's Church, Rome, Italy. He was induced to lend his aid in reviving the project by the late Catherine Lorillard Wolfe and returned to America for that purpose. It is known that several large contributions to the building fund have been made, and it is also known that the contributions do not all belong to the Protestant Episcopal Church. Among others who have given \$100,000 to the fund is D. Willis James, the public-spirited and philanthropic Presbyterian. Below is given Bishop Potter's appeal in full:

TO THE CITIZENS OF NEW YORK:

MEN AND BRETHREN: It was the just pride of a great Hebrew scholar, apostle, and missionary that he was 'a citizen of no mean city,' and it may justly be the pride of those whose lot is cast in the metropolitan city of America that their home has a history and a promise not unworthy of their affectionate interest and devotion. A commercial city in its origin and conspicuous characteristics, it has yet come to be a centre of letters, of science, and of art. Adorned by the palaces of trade, it is not without ornament as the home of a large-hearted and open-handed philanthropy, and as the guardian of noble libraries and rare treasures of painting and sculpture.

More and more are the faces of men and women all over this and other lands turned to it as a city of pre-eminent interest and influence, the dwelling place of culture, wealth and of a nation's best thought. Never before in its history was there so cordial an interest in its prosperity and greatness, and recent benefactions to literature and art have shown what earlier and scarcely less princely benefactions to science and humanity have proclaimed that its citizens are determined to make it more and more worthy of that foremost place and that large influence which it is destined to hold and exert.

It is in view of these facts that its influence not only in the direction of culture and art, but on the side of great moral ideas, becomes of pre-eminent consequence. It is faith in these rather than wealth or culture which has made nations permanently great, and it is where all secular ambitions have been dominated by great spiritual ideas, inculcating devotion to duty and reverence for eternal righteousness, that civilization has achieved its worthiest victories, and that great cities have best taught and ennobled humanity.

But great moral and spiritual ideas need to find expression and embodiment in visible institutions and structures, and it is these which have been in all ages the nurseries of faith and of reverence for the unseen. Amid things transient these have taught men to live for things that are permanent, and triumphing over decay themselves they have kindled in the hearts of humanity a serene patience under adversity and an immortal hope in the final triumph of God and good.

Said a teacher of rare insight in another hemisphere not long ago: 'What are the remains which you can study in the land of the Caesars and the Ptolemies? The buildings devoted to the convenience of the body are for the most part gone, while those that represent ideas of the mind are standing yet. The provisions for shelter, the places of traffic, the treasures of wealth, have crumbled into the dust with the generations that built and filled them. But the temple answering to the sense of the infinite and holy, the rock-hewn sepulchre, where love and mystery blended into a twilight of sunrise—these survive the shock of centuries and testify that religion and love and honor for the good are inextinguishable.'

For the erection of such a building, worthy of a great city, of its accumulated wealth, and of its large responsibilities, the time would seem to have arrived. No American citizen who has seen in London the throngs, composed of every class and representing every interest, that gather in St. Paul's Cathedral and Westminster Abbey, all alike equally welcomed to services whose majestic dignity and simplicity impress the coldest spectator, can doubt the influence for good of these grand and stately fabrics. Offering to all men, of whatever condition or fellowship, the ministrations of religion in a language understood by the common people, bidding to their pulpits the ablest and most honored teachers, free for meditation, devotion or rest at all hours, without fee or restriction, they have been a witness to the brotherhood of humanity in the bond of the divine Nazarene and of the need of the human heart for some worthy place and voice for the expression of its deepest wants.

Such a need waits for a more adequate means of expression among ourselves. We want—there are many who are strongly persuaded—in this great and busy centre of a nation's life a sanctuary worthy of a great people's deepest faith. That trust in God which kept alive in our father's courage, heroism and rectitude needs to-day some nobler visible expression—an expression commensurate in one word with that material prosperity which we have attained as a people owning its dependence upon God and upon His blessing on our undertaking.

Such a building would meet, moreover, practical and urgent demands.

(a.) It would be the people's church, in which no reserved rights could be bought, hired, or held on any pretext whatever. (b.) It would be the rightful centre of practical philanthropies, having foundations or endowments for the mission work of a great city, and especially for the education of skilled teachers and workers in intelligent as well as emotional sympathy with our great social problems. (c.) It would have a pulpit in which the best preachers within its command from all parts of the land and of various schools of thought would have a place and opportunity, thus bringing the people of a great metropolis into touch with the strongest and most helpful minds of the age, and affording presentations of truth wider and larger than those of any individual teacher. (d.) It would be the fitting shrine of memorials of our honored dead, the heroes, leaders, and helpers whose names have adorned the annals of our country, and whose monuments would vividly recall their virtues and services. (e.) And finally, it would tell to all men everywhere that 'the life is more than meat and the body than raiment,' that man is, after all, a child needing guidance, comfort and pardon, and that he best lives here who lives in the inspiration of an unseen leader and of an immortal hope.

In commending this undertaking to my fellow-citizens I need only add that it has originated in no personal wish or desire of my own, and that it has enlisted the sympathies of many not of the communion of which I am a minister. These, with others, have long believed, and stand ready, some of them, to show their faith by their works, that in a material age there is especial need in this great city of some commanding witness to faith in the unseen and to the great fundamental truths of the religion of Jesus Christ.

Such a building would of necessity, under our present condition, require to be administered by the church under whose control it would be reared, but its welcome would be for all men of whatsoever fellowship, and its influence would be felt in the interests of our common Christianity throughout the whole land. It would be the symbol of no foreign sovereignty, whether in the domain of faith or morals, but the exponent of those great religious ideas in which the foundations of the Republic were laid, and of which our open Bible; our family life, our language, and our best literature are the expressions.

As such I venture to ask for this enterprise the co-operation of those to whom these words are addressed. A native of the State of New York, and for nearly twenty years a citizen of its chief city, I own to an affection for it at once deep and ardent. An ecclesiastic by profession, I have nevertheless, I hope, shown myself not indifferent to interests other than those which are merely ecclesiastical in their character and aims; and it is certainly not the mere aggrandizement of the church whose servant I am of which I am here solicitous. There is a larger fellowship than any that is only ecclesiastical, and one which, as I believe, such an undertaking as I have here sketched would pre-eminently serve. As such I earnestly commend it to all those to whom these words may come.

HENRY C. POTTER.

Current Criticism

A DIG AT DIALECT.—Since the day on which Bret Harte achieved fame with his 'Heathen Chinee' and his California mining heroes, no American writer has been able to keep a balance in his favor with the critics save by doing dialect. I am quite aware of the breadth of this assertion, and I make it with due caution. The dialect of which I speak is, of course, merely a vehicle for conveying impressions of character, or it is used as a pigment with which to represent local color; but the significant fact in this connection is that every writer who has attracted marked notice in the field of fiction in the last ten years of American literary history owes such notice to dialect and to characters made picturesque thereby. We may count upon our fingers the chief among our young brood of story-tellers, tell them off rapidly, and we shall find ourselves involuntarily emphasizing certain of the names, not altogether because we think them the best, but rather on account of the fact that the critics, with an eye to dialect, have given them greatest prominence. . . . Our artistic conscience tells us that the best part of art belongs to the imagination, and that the best part of imagination is on the highest plane and deals with great people and great events. Say what we may, the truly great masters in art are those who work under the spell of a purpose greater than the mere design of faithfully sketching from life. Dialect stories are well enough, if good, but they are in their essence low in the scale of excellence.—*Maurice Thompson, in the Chicago Times.*

MR. CRAWFORD NOT PATHETIC.—Mr. Crawford is a first-rate story-teller, but he is not a poet, and therefore his characters, 'thought out as ethical specimens,' types themselves, and studied from types, want the ideal touch, the spark of divine life which would give them a human claim to our sympathy. He sees them in a white light, from the outside, without that background of imagination which a novel waits to be perfect just as much as a picture. And this matter-of-factness, mixed as it is with noble thoughts, fine descriptions, vivid and stirring situations—these drawn with a pencil not always the most refined, but this is another side of the want we have hinted at—is the reason why we call the book unequal. It is

to be found, if we consider, in all the books Mr. Crawford has written. All of them have cleverness, strength, interest, brilliancy; not one of them has pathos, or that strange gift which in far weaker hands can fill the eyes with tears, and without which no picture of human life can have that ideal truth which is the highest. This is perhaps more singular, because the simplicity of character that Mr. Crawford loves, and of which all his heroes, if we think of them, are in some way examples, has a kind of pathos of its own. As it is, we suppose that the life and death of the Duca d'Astrardente are meant to be pathetic; to us, they are grotesque; and we admire Mr. Crawford far more when he shows his true power in such a book as 'To Leeward,' to our mind by far the cleverest book he has written, in which all the strong, broad strokes go to produce one vivid result, and the solemn moral, without romance or overstudy of character, can be drawn from the terrible story of sin and punishment.—*The Spectator*.

PALESTINE TO-DAY.—Mr. Oliphant possesses such unrivalled powers of observation, and such a happy way of conveying to the public the information which he collects that it is almost needless to say his letters are excellent of their kind. ['Haifa; or, Life in Modern Palestine.'] Many of them deal chiefly with archaeological topics which must always form one of the main subjects of attraction to any one living in the country and conversant with its history. Others, which are even more interesting and attractive than those devoted to archaeology, deal with the races of modern Palestine and their religious beliefs, and incidentally with that marvellous process of transformation which commenced rather more than twenty years ago and is gradually altering not only the condition of the country, but the character of its population. Cultivation is extending on all sides; the foreign population, both Jew and Christian, is rapidly increasing; and there is now no province in the Turkish Empire upon which political and religious interests of so varied and universal a nature are concentrated. One of the most marked results of this process of transformation will, as Mr. Oliphant well observes, be 'the importance which the Holy Land is destined to assume in the event of the Eastern Question being reopened.'—*The Athenæum*.

MR. LANG'S SPECULATIONS ABOUT GHOSTS.—In the essay on Japanese bogie-books—which is mainly about Chinese ghosts—he goes off into some curious speculations touching the nature and habits of ghosts. He observes that people who feed the ghosts of their ancestors never go further back than the third generation, leaving all older ghosts to shift for themselves. There is clearly a notion that very old ghosts are of little account for good or evil. Then, among ourselves, no one has ever seen or claimed to see the ghost of an ancient Roman or Pict or Scot or Palæolithic man. Two or three centuries would seem to be the extreme limit. It looks, in fact (so Mr. Lang argues), very much as if there was a kind of statute of limitations among ghosts. Again, what do ghosts do when there is no one to appear to?—when the house is not full, and there is no guest to put into the haunted room? Do they sulk and refuse to come out and perform, on the ground that there is 'no house?' We give too little thought and sympathy, he says, to ghosts in old castles and country houses, who sometimes have no one to appear to from year's end to year's end. He apparently forgets, however, that really high-bred ghosts always seem profoundly unconscious of the presence of flesh-and-blood, and certainly never betray an anxiety to be noticed. It is only your middle-class ghosts, in snuff-colored coats, worsted stockings, and bob-wigs, that are, as Mrs. Quickly says, 'so familiarly with such poor people.' Hamlet's father, to be sure, is an exception; but in his case distressing family circumstances made him reckless of his ghostly dignity. Here are questions to which the Psychical Research Society might well give its mind.—*The St. James's Gazette*.

Notes

MR. HENRY W. AUSTIN writes from Medfield, Mass.:—'Several weeks ago I wrote a little squib for *The Nation*, entitled "Psychic Plagiarism," in which I paralleled for public consideration a passage in an interesting book by Miss Kate Sanborn, and one in an equally interesting book by Mr. Frederick Myers, printed a year before. Since then I have had a letter from that amiable and accomplished lady, explaining how the apparent plagiarism occurred; and through the courtesy of your columns which have so wide an audience, among the literary craft especially, I would like to say that I thoroughly believe Miss Sanborn's explanation, and am sorry that any hasty zeal for literary morals should have caused me to hurt her feelings.'

—Mr. Joseph W. Harper, Jr., gave a breakfast at the University Club, on Thursday of last week, to about twenty gentlemen, invited to meet Mr. James R. Osgood, who sailed for London on Saturday.

The following gentlemen were present: Edmund C. Stedman, George William Curtis, Henry C. Lea, George Walton Greene, Laurence Hutton, John Harper, C. R. Miller, Brander Matthews, J. F. Phayre, William M. Laffan, Rufus F. Zogbaum, John Foord, R. R. Bowker, James Thorne Harper, C. Parsons, Wesley Harper, A. T. Guiltz, and J. Abner Harper.

—\$50,000 has been added to the endowment of Mills College, Oakland, Cal., by Mrs. Susan L. Mills, who with her late husband founded the school for girls, and who is now the principal.

—The Queen's own hand has revised 'The Story of the Life of Queen Victoria, Told for Boys and Girls all over the World,' by W. W. Tulloch, son of the late Principal Tulloch, private chaplain to her Majesty. A. C. Armstrong & Son have the book in press.

—Prof. Thomas Spencer Baynes, of the University of St. Andrews, one of the editors of the current edition of 'The Encyclopædia Britannica,' died in London on Tuesday of last week, in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

—Messrs. J. B. Lippincott Company have arranged to publish the 'Report of the Commission Appointed by the University of Pennsylvania to Investigate Modern Spiritualism, in Accordance with the Request of the late Henry Seybert.'

—The same firm announce 'Bellona's Husband,' a new novel by Hudor Genone, author of 'Inquirendo Island.'

—Mr. Henry W. Grady, in an editorial in the *Atlanta Constitution*, criticises the omission from Mr. Coleman's article in *Harper's* on Southern writers of several prominent names; among others that of Louis Pendleton, whose 'Story of Black Dan' we praised on its appearance in the *Southern Bivouac*, and whose story of 'Ariadne in the Wire-Grass,' published by McClure's Syndicate, is pronounced by Mr. Grady 'almost classic in its simplicity.' Mr. Pendleton has a new story in hand, which is pronounced by those who have seen the MS. original and striking.

—The Century Company have issued Part I. of their great book, 'Battles and Leaders of the Civil War.' It is printed on heavy calendered paper which shows off illustrations and type to the best advantage. The cover is simple, a buff ground with lettering in brown ink and ornamentation in gold. We doubt if a handsomer subscription book was ever issued.

—Denmark is to have a 'National Biography,' in ninety-six parts, to be finished within the next twelve years, under the editorship of the Secretary of State Archives.

—England is to have a silver dollar, or its equivalent. A proclamation by the Queen appears in *The London Gazette*, stating that it has been thought fit to order that a new coin, to be called a double florin, should be coined. It will weigh 349 grains, and pass current at the rate of 4s., or one-fifth of 11.

—Miss Clara M. Fowler and Mr. William P. Fowler will present to the city of Concord, N. H., a building for a free public library, in memory of their parents, the late Judge and Mrs. Asa Fowler.

—*Tid Bits* prints a full-page picture, called 'The British Idea of Things,' showing a gentleman and lady viewing the Wild West Show ('the Yankeries') from the seat of a tilbury. The scene in the ring represents the attack on the mail-coach. The 'English Swell,' scrutinizing the fighting crowd of passengers, Indians and cowboys through a single eyeglass, exclaims, 'I wondah which is Greenleaf Whittiah!'

—Southern names will be conspicuous in *Lippincott's* for July. 'At Anchor,' by Julia Magruder, author of 'Across the Chasm,' will be the 'complete novel' of the number; Amélie Rives will contribute a story of old English life, called 'The Farrier Lass o' Piping Peabworth'; and there will be poems by two other Southerners, Robert Burns Wilson and Thomas Nelson Page.

—A hospital at Hudson, Wis., has been named in honor of Dr. O. W. Holmes, who acknowledged the compliment by writing a poem to be read at the dedication this week.

—Two lectures by Max Müller, 'The Identity of Language and Thought,' and 'The Simplicity of Thought,' will make their first appearance immediately in *The Open Court*, Chicago, which will also reprint from the *May Fortnightly Review* the Professor's companion lecture on 'The Simplicity of Language.'

—Brooklyn will probably be the next city to admit women to her Board of Education.

—The nineteenth annual session of the American Philological Association will be held at Burlington, Vt., in the Marsh Room of the Billings Library of the University of Vermont, beginning Tuesday, July 12. The address of the President, Prof. Augustus C. Merriam, of Columbia, will be given in the College Chapel on Tuesday evening. Members intending to be present are requested to send their names to Prof. Wm. H. Deering, at Burlington, as

early as possible; and philologists intending to present papers should notify the Secretary, Mr. John H. Wright of Johns Hopkins, as soon as they can.

—The prospectus specimen which has reached us of the authorized Life of Leo XIII., written by Dr. Bernard O'Reilly and to be published by Charles L. Webster & Co., shows that the work is to have the advantage of good paper and printing and cleverly executed illustrations. The portraits are chromolithographed or engraved on steel; the views of places, churches, interiors are engraved on wood, and, while not especially artistic, are of a high grade of mechanical excellence. All are by American engravers.

—A correspondent in Boston writes us that there is a movement on foot in which Messrs. Trowbridge, Howells, Aldrich, Clemens, Boyle O'Reilly and other literary men are interested to build a summer cottage for Walt Whitman. The amount of the various subscriptions will not be published therefore no one need hesitate to subscribe because he cannot send more than \$5.

—To bibliophiles a most valuable and entertaining feature of 'G. W. S.'s London letters to *The Tribune* has been, of late years, his careful record of notable foreign book-sales, and the like,—and his learned, zestful, and often polemic, comments upon rare editions, artistic bindings, and all matters that delight the lovers of 'Aldines, Boldonis, Elzevirs.' Such comments, of course, were those of a writer who was himself a collector. Messrs. Sotherby, Wilkinson & Hodge (Wellington Street, Strand, London), now announce the sale of a 'portion of the library' of Geo. Washburn Smalley—the same to come off on the 11th and 12th of July. The sale-catalogue contains nearly 600 lots, the titles of which reflect the varied taste of a true scholar and virtuoso. Among the prizes to be disputed for we note the following: Milton's *Paradise Lost*, 1st ed., 1671; *Paradise Regained*, 1st and 2d eds., 1668 and 1674; Pascal's *Lettres Provinciales*, 1st ed., 1657, and the 1st ed. of his *Pensées*, 1670; first edition of Lucretius, 1485; Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, 1605; Bacon's *Essays*, 1625; Walton's *Lives*, 1670; Ben Jonson, the folio *Plays*, 1610-70; Percy's *Reliques*, 1765; Burns (1st Edinburgh ed.), 1787; Beckford's *Vathek*, 1786. Here, too, is the *chef d'œuvre* of B. Franklin's *Phila.* press, Cicero's *Cato Major*, 1744; and here the first Eng. ed. of Bryant's *Poems*, edited by Irving, 1832; also, the Dodsley *Collections*, a complete set—many rare editions of Horace, Virgil, Rabelais—the superb *La Fontaine*, 7 vols., 1827; Payne's *Villon*; *Hone's Year-Book*, etc., 1st eds., with the Cruikshank illustrations, 1831; Wordsworth & Coleridge's *Lyrical Ballads*, 1798; the first ed. of Grammont, etc., etc. The collection is rich in first editions of the various works of Byron, Hazlitt, Coleridge, Keats, the Brownings, Tennyson, Ruskin, M. Arnold, Rossetti, Swinburne; and there is a copy of the original *Leaves of Grass*, by Whitman, 1855. The famous printers and publishers from Aldus, Elzvir, etc., to Baskerville, Didot, Jouast, Pickering, are represented. An unusual number of the books are in the rare and costly bindings of Chambolle-Duru, Derome, Hardy-Meniel, David, Capé, Riviere, Pratt, Bedford; while editions de luxe of the French and other classics, in large paper, often in Holland, Chinese, or Whatman paper, abound throughout the list.

—On June 13th and the seven days following is to be sold at auction, by G. A. Leavitt & Co., the library of Mr. Henry de Pene du Bois. It is in some respects the most unique collection offered for sale in New York for some time. Mr. du Bois has been an enthusiastic and careful collector for some years, and is the author of 'An Historical Essay on the Art of Bookbinding,' American correspondent of *Le Livre*, a member of the Grolier Club, and a bibliophile well known in Paris, London and New York. His collection is particularly known for its unique French classics, Erotica and Curiosa, specimens of early printing, and magnificent examples of the masters of the art of bookbinding—besides these there are fine vellum manuscripts, autographs, incunabula, specimens from the Aldus and Elzvir presses, books with fine illustrations, editions de luxe, and books with extra plates. Among the binders celebrated on both sides of the Atlantic for their exquisite and artistic work, we find the names of Roger Payne, Trautz-Bauzonnet, Chambolle-Duru, Capé, Cuzin, Clovis Eve, David, Marius Michel, and many others. Books from the library of Richelieu, Louis Philippe, Napoleon III., Duke of Marlborough, Prince Demidoff, Duc d'Aumale, Madame de Pompadour, De Thou, Guizot, and others, many of which have autograph inscriptions, etc., etc. No such collection of books from the presses of Aldus and Elzvir has been ever offered for sale in America. Besides these the famous presses of Bodoni, Hardouyn, Galliot du Pre, Koburger, and Paris have lent their charm to the collection. Incunabula and black letter books, printed in Augsburg, Venice, Strassburg, Cologne, Leipsic, Paris and Milan, join in the chorus of early typography. The Aldus's run from 1501 to 1592 inclusive,

and most of these are from the Syston Park sale, and bound by Roger Payne. There are forty specimens from the Elzvir press, ranging from 1624 to 1689, besides rare tracts by Luther, Melancthon, Zwingli, Erasmus, and others connected with the Reformation.

The division of French curiosa and facetiæ is remarkably complete, and contains many unique volumes in magnificent binding, Japan proofs, Whatman paper, numbered copies, etc., etc. This, of course, appeals to a limited class of buyers; but the appetite can but be whetted by such an array of delicacies. The catalogue, besides the books already mentioned, contains a description of the prints, engravings, library furniture, etc., etc., that are to be sold. The collection as a whole is over-catalogued, although the catalogue is well printed and artistic. It is a matter of surprise to many that Mr. du Bois should allow the sale to take place so late in the year.

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 1265.—What accessible collection is there of mediæval Latin verse, particularly of rhyming verse?

CHICAGO, ILL.

F. I. C.

[See Symonds's 'Wine, Women and Song,' and Dr. Abraham Coles's 'Latin Hymns.']

No. 1266.—1. Will you kindly inform me whether the use of the verb 'to voice' in the sense of 'to speak' or 'to sing' is sanctioned by the best authorities in English? 2. Will you also mention a few books on 'In Memoriam,' especially those which explain the prologue and the opening cantos.

NEW YORK.

T. G.

[1. The phrase is vulgar and objectionable, and not sanctioned by the best writers.—2. The monograph by Prof. John F. Genung, entitled 'Tennyson's *In Memoriam*: Its Purpose and Its Structure,' of which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are the publishers, covers the ground. Prof. Genung misconceives the motive of 'In Memoriam' as a whole, owing to his false reading of a particular passage, but the misconception does not extend to the individual poems, the argument of which he summarizes with sufficient correctness.]

ANSWERS.

No. 1261.—'Evening on the South Downs,' an etching by C. O. Murray after Edwin Douglas, was published in *The Art Journal*, July, 1885. It is probably the plate referred to, as it shows a man feeding sheep.

ALLSTON, MASS.

W. R.

[F. L. B., of Franklin, Pa., and A. T. A., of Haverstraw, N. Y., write that the plate is included in quarterly volume, No. 3, of the *Journal*.]

Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work depends upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

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|---|---------------------------------|
| Reverend Idol, A. 50c..... | Boston: Ticknor & Co. |
| Buel, Rev. C. Christian Unity | James Pott & Co. |
| Buckley, A. B. History of England | Macmillan & Co. |
| Becker, S. C., and Mora, F. Spanish Idioms with their English Equivalents. \$2.00 | Boston: Ginn & Co. |
| Browning, R. Vols. 5 and 6..... | Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. |
| Lucian. Trips to the Moon. Tr. by T. Franklin. 20c | Cassell & Co. |
| Palmer, G. H. The New Education..... | Boston: Little, Brown & Co. |
| Lectures Delivered before the Students of Phillips Exeter Academy, 1884, 1885. | Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. |
| Poe, E. A. The Poets and Poetry of America..... | Benjamin & Bell. |
| Raymond, G. L. Ballads of the Revolution and Other Poems.. | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Stickney, Miss. A Third Reader. 55c..... | Boston: Ginn & Co. |
| Tytler, S. Disappeared. 15c..... | Harper & Bros. |

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